

3 STORIES:

THE SISTER NUN. EMMA BENSON. THE FISHERMAN AND HIS WIFE.

THE SISTER NUN.

It was in the year 18—, when the English army were encamped near Lisbon, that two British officers paid a visit to the Convent of St. Clara. It enclosed within its walls, at that period, two sisters, beautiful and unfortunate girls, who had taken the vows, which rendered them wretched for life, under circumstances of the most unprincipled deception. Their story interested the feelings, and their beauty gave rise to deeper impressions in the breasts of two romantic young men: and repeated interviews ended in the young officers offering to carry off to England these victims of deception, and there to make them their own for life. The wretched state of the country—the storm of conventual persecution, of all others the most severe and most pitiless—induced the nuns to give their enterprising admirers a willing assent. Colonel Pierrepont and Sir Harry Trelawney were both men of family and fortune; and Constance and Inez de Castro readily believed them men of honor. It was speedily arranged that Colonel Pierrepont's brother, who commanded a man of war then lying under sailing orders in the bay, should receive the fugitives on board, and convey them to England. There, their lovers were to join them, immediately on obtaining leave of absence.

After almost insupportable delays, the signal that the *Andromache* would sail on the morrow, and that their lovers would be under the western wall at twelve that night, was perceived in the Convent. The hour, so important to some beating hearts, arrived. The bay of Lisbon lay clear and blue in the summer moonlight; the man-of-war's boat, with muffled oars, was stationed at a little distance from the shore; and the gray massy building in the Convent was distinctly visible through the bending foliage of the lines that surrounded it.

The hour had barely struck, when a female form appeared above the Convent wall. "She's mine," cried Pierrepont, as the high-minded Constance, to inspire courage in her sister, and show her the example, first descended the rope-ladder. Inez attempted to follow her: but, from some accident never explained, the ladder slipped—she faltered—tottered—and, attempting to grasp one of the buttresses of the wall, fell over into the grounds of the Convent. The scream of agony which escaped her, and the

frenzied exclamations of Trelawney, alarmed the sisterhood, who rushed in crowds to the spot, and, after a search, found the insensible Inez. Trelawney was dragged, by main force, from the spot, while Constance was hurried on board the *Andromache*, which conveyed her to England. There, her lover soon after joined her, but as a lover only. The sacred name of wife he faithlessly withheld from her; and, to the agony of being betrayed by the man she loved, were added the most fearful apprehensions for her sister, and the unceasing reproaches of her own heart of Inez, or of Trelawney, she could obtain no tidings. Pierrepont was ignorant, or pretended ignorance, as to what became of either; and, hardly daring to reflect on the fate of her sister, yet hoping that it was happier than her own, she continued to live on. The past only furnished her with a subject of regret; the future with a source of gloomy anticipation.

Three years of her life she had thus dragged on, a cold, deserted, joyless being, unloving and unloved, devouring her sorrows in wretched solitude, with every capacity for happiness turned inward on herself and converted into so many sources of the most exquisite misery—when Pierrepont, coming, unexpectedly to a title, and feeling some little compunction towards the woman he had so cruelly deceived, determined on offering her all the reparation in his power, and made her his wife. It was a few weeks after this event, at the opera, blazing with jewels, and adorned as a bride, her person—faded indeed from its former loveliness, but still sufficiently beautiful to be the attraction of the evening—was recognised by Sir Harry Trelawney. An invitation brought him to her box. In a voice hardly articulate from emotion, she asked for her sister.

"Can you bear to hear the truth?" said Trelawney, anxiously.

"Anything—everything"—she exclaimed—"but suspense."

He then told her, cautiously, that, disregarding the agony which Inez endured from a limb fractured in two places, the superior, discovering she yet lived, had her instantly conveyed to the Refectory, where the nuns repaired in full assembly:—that thence, without her limb being set, or any relief afforded her, the hapless victim was hurried to the fetal cell, where, between four walls, with her loaf of bread and cruse of water, she underwent the lingering death entailed on broken vows.

"My agony," Trelawney added, "at discovering her fate, you may conceive, but I cannot describe. Her affection—her devotion—her reliance on my honor—all, at this moment, rise before me. In the last words she was heard to utter, she forgave her seducer—he never can forgive himself."

Constance uttered no scream—no shriek—not a sound escaped her—but she was never seen to smile again. With her, the season of hope was at an end. After an ineffectual struggle to stay in a world she could enjoy no longer,—without the ties of children to bind her to society,—without affection to console her,—without friendship to advise her,—she entreated Lord Pierrepont to loosen his hold on his victim, and allow her to return into a convent. This request her husband—though a libertine in principle, and now without affection for her yet pleased with the admiration she excited—alternately refused and derided. Perceiving her entreaties were renewed with increasing earnestness, and incensed at Trelawney's communication, in a moment of irritation he penned a challenge to his former companion; sent it— fought—and fell.

She was now left alone. There was no being in existence who could control her, and she hastened to mature her plans. On the continent, she was aware her life would be endangered; but, hearing that some nuns had formed themselves into a society, in Yorkshire, she requested—and her wealth easily obtained for her—admission. A rigid noviciate, shortened at her own request, being terminated, under the name of Anastasia she took the black veil. Unexampled privations, and the most severe penance, soon triumphed over a constitution impaired by disappointment and corroded by remorse—and, on the second anniversary of her entrance into the convent, the grave shed over her its tranquilizing mould.



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EMMA BENSON.

By a LADY.

"The carriage is waiting Miss Emma," said the footman, knocking at the dressing room door of lovely Emma Benson.

"Ready in a moment, Thomas," was the answer. " Quick, Mary, clasp this bracelet. Now is all right!" and without waiting for an answer, the light-hearted girl ran down to meet her father. He was waiting at the foot of the stairs, and without replying to her playful

apology, assisted her into the carriage and turned away.

"Are you going with me, papa?" asked she in astonishment.

"No, my dear, I do not feel well."

"Let me stay with you," said she, springing from her seat.

"No, no, only a slight head-ache. Wrap yourself closely. God bless you, my child;" and he hurried into the house and closed the door, even before the footman could fold the carriage steps which was soon whirling towards a gay mansion in B-street. Emma felt distressing—her father did not approve of the custom, now so general, of young ladies making their entrance to a ball room without a chaperon, or trusting to meeting one in the dressing room, and he had never before allowed her to go unattended; then her father's manner was peculiar, could he be really ill? She hoped not. She knew he had been of late much harassed by business, and she dismissed that fear, but her own difficulties were more urgent. Time, however, removed them as it does many other more important ones, by the entrance into the dressing room of the very lady she knew her father would most wish her to be with. Her spirits rose in proportion from her late annoyance. The brightest face in the room, was Emma Benson. Still the thought of her father would cross her mind, and she requested one of her numerous admirers to call her carriage at an early hour. Emma little thought as she tripped down the steps, that she had spent her last evening of gaiety. When she reached home her first inquiry was for her father. He had gone to his room soon after she left, and the servants were not aware of any illness. She could not, however, retire without stealing one glance at him; he was apparently in a deep sleep, and softly closing the door, she ran to her room half regretting she had so unnecessarily left the scene of gaiety. She may be pardoned if the flatter of remembered compliments looked or expressed, by almost every eye and lip that evening drove sleep from her pillow for a short time; for she was not nineteen, and less incense than was offered at her shrine, has turned the head of many a bright eyed goddess. A beauty in the highest sense of the word, uniting expression and grace to symmetry, naturally intelligent and highly educated, above all, in the estimation of many, heiress of half a million—she was as gentle and unpretending as if her claims had been of an ordinary kind. That she could long have occupied this shining sphere untainted is not probable, for she had none to guide or control her, but Providence had ordered for her a far different lot, and the eye of a Heavenly Parent was watching over her; though the mother's was veiled in death, and the father's looked but to admire.

Emma never neglected enlivening her father's breakfast by her presence, and fearing her vigils had made her late, she hurried to the breakfast room without tapping, as usual, at his door. He was not there, and finding the servants had not seen him, she again went to his room, knocked without receiving an answer, and opening the door saw him in the same position he was in when she looked at him before retiring. Her heart beat fast and her breath seemed stifled as she crept to the bed; she laid her hand on his forehead and with a loud shriek fell senseless to the floor. The noise brought the servants, and the house was speedily filled with physicians, whose skill was useless for the father whom they pronounced to have been dead many hours, and for a long time ineffectual to the recovery of the daughter who went from one fainting fit into another, and then for many days remained in the unconsciousness of a dangerous fever. How can we describe the waking from that unconsciousness; the agony of finding herself an orphan nearly caused a relapse. At length youth triumphed, and she was pronounced out of danger. Then slowly and cautiously did the good old housekeeper relate the remainder of the mournful tale, that on the examination of her father's affairs he had been found to be bankrupt —that he had made several unfortunate speculations and that the failure of two houses at New Orleans and Charleston, had caused his total ruin. This news had reached him the evening of his death, and was supposed to have caused it. The darker surmises entertained by many, the good woman did not hint at, and they never reached Emma's ear. " Whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth;" said she, as with tears streaming down her cheeks she finished her broken tale.

" There is the scourging of justice, as well as that of love," said Emma, in the low tones of a despairing heart

" Fear not, my dear young-lady, call upon Him in the time of need, turn to Him in your youth, and you will not be rejected. The child of so many prayers cannot be a cast-away. Fervently did your mother devote you to your God, and He has not afflicted you willingly, but to draw you to himself." In such converse did the hours pass, till her strength was partially restored, and she then learnt she was occupying the house by the permission of the creditors, and that as soon as she could remove, the house and furniture were to be sold. Mrs. Wiley, the housekeeper, had already dismissed the servants, with the exception of one, and was only waiting Emma's recovery to form her own plans.

" Dear Miss Emma," she said, " have you no property of your own, and to which of your friends will you go?"

" I have no fortune, no friend, save you."

Strange as this may sound, it was true. Her parents were Scotch, without relations in this country, and Emma could not think of going as a dependent to those she had never seen. Her mother, who died when she was twelve years old, had carefully withheld her from forming any childish friendships, and had made it her dying request, that she should be sent to a distant seminary, whose Principal she held in high estimation, to remain till her seventeenth birth day had passed. Thus she entered the gay circle of her native city, with all the charms of being a personal stranger, and as she now felt, with all its loneliness, for her father had been a mere man of business, and cultivated no friendships—true, many had called during her illness to inquire after her, or leave a card, and doubtless some would have done much to aid her, had they known her real situation, but each supposed some other to be more intimate than themselves, and thus the poor girl was literally without friend or adviser. She requested Mrs. Wiley to call on the lawyer who had transacted her father's business, and desire him to put at the disposal of the creditors, the jewelry with which her father had delighted to load her, and the most valuable part of her wardrobe. This was positively refused by the gentlemen, in question, who insisted on her retaining all that had been considered her personal property, including her musical instruments, and intimated their intention of settling a thousand dollar on her. This, through the same medium, she refused, with many thanks, for their kindness, but consented to keep her instruments and jewelry, as she understood the debts would be nearly, if not fully discharged.—And then for a home: Mrs. Wiley with some hesitation, mentioned her own plans, which were to rent a furnished room in the suburbs and live upon the income of her savings from many years of service in the family, aiding herself by taking in plain sewing.

" Would Miss Emma," said the worthy woman, " condescend to remain with her till she could think of some more suitable plan?"

" With the truest gratitude, dear Mrs. Wiley," said Emma, "I have twenty or thirty dollars by me, and when that is gone can dispose of one of my instruments, so I can bear my part in the housekeeping till I can devise some plan for my support. Not a word—it must be so, even then will I owe a home to you. You can procure fine work and embroidery for me, and perhaps I can thus afford to keep those dear relics of the past." In a few days this plan was put in operation. The bustle of removal for a while roused Emma, but soon, when confined to the one small room and toiling from morning till night over some weary piece of sewing, for which she was so poorly paid

that even her small expenses could not be met by the proceeds; her spirits at times completely sunk, for though she often experienced the sweet peace of a believing heart, yet religion though it supports, does not change our natures, and it is not the intention of the All Wise that his chastisements shall be unheeded. While the support it affords gives the Christian bright hopes of the felicity experienced from the enjoying the unclouded light of God's countenance, his heart yet bleeds for his own and others bereavements, and he feels this is not his abiding place. Mrs. Wiley marked with regret, but without surprise, the increasing depression of her charge, and when a couple of months had convinced her how trifling was the income produced by her needle, suggested that her many accomplishments might secure her a respectable home and salary as a teacher, since she continued firm in her determination not to seek support from unseen, almost unknown, relations.

" I have thought seriously of it myself" was Emma's reply " and this morning I read an advertisement in an old paper which I have kept to show you. The required qualifications are immense, but if they will dispense with the Greek and Latin and some sciences not very useful to a woman, perhaps, I can meet their requisitions as well as most governesses. I can add one or two languages not mentioned as a compensation." Though the advertisement was an old one, a letter was sent according to the direction, and in due time a favorable reply was received. German and Spanish were accepted in lieu of Greek and Latin, and a knowledge of the harp for trigonometry, surveying, &c. " If Miss Benson had a harp she might bring it with her and they would pay the expense of transportation, provided when she left she would dispose of it at a reasonable price. As to salary she was so much below their requirements she could not expect much, and one hundred dollars a year, with board and washing, was all they would give." Such was the purport of the letter of Mrs. Olden, of the village of Vatican, western New York.

" Sell my dear, dear harp to such people," said Emma, in strong disgust, " the present of my father, the companion of so many hours, never, never, and yet I am about to sell myself, for I see it will be slavery." Mrs. Wiley was very unwilling her dear young lady should put herself in the power of such low-minded persons as the Oldens evidently were, and for so trifling a compensation. But then the situation was a healthy one, and in the country. Emma's constitution would never bear a southern climate., nor her spirits the risk of meeting old acquaintances in the city, while her story was yet a new one. It was therefore decided she should go, and an acceptance was written, appointing an early day for her departure by the line of stages indicated for her. Mrs. Wiley disposed of some of her evening dresses and ornaments, for her, and obtained funds which enabled her to retain the dear harp and piano, which were left in Mrs.

Wiley's care. The loneliness of that journey to the beautiful young girl, who had never travelled before but with all the accompaniments of wealth and fashion, can better be imagined than described, and yet she lost no real comfort, wanted no necessary attention, for the roughest of her fellow passengers offered the most comfortable seat in the stage and the choicest dish on the table to the unprotected stranger.

And thus it is generally in the United States: to be a woman and unprotected, is to insure every needful attention. At length the journey drew to a close. From the brow of the hill Emma beheld her future home. She had been delighted with the appearance and situation of many of the numerous villages which render western New York beautiful, but this surpassed them all. Situated at the junction of two fine rivers, within a day's ride of one of that cluster of lakes, which has obtained for that section of country, the name of Lake County, it is the depot for the produce of a rich neighborhood, and wore the thriving, onward look, so peculiarly American. Every thing looked new. Everything in good order. The snow-white houses gleamed among luxuriant trees, which seemed striving their utmost to keep pace with the fortunes of their owners. Four or five steeples pierced the air, and as many bells when occasion required, rang out their peals, for when the first steeple was reared, a spirit of emulation was excited, which waxed hotter and hotter, till each congregation boasted its own spire, the last always a little higher, or more ornamented than its predecessor; and when it whispered abroad that a certain vestry meditated procuring a bell, not one of the active members, as they are termed, of the other churches, had a moment's rest till affairs were in train to procure 'One for their own. The ladies, too, in the meanwhile, got up fairs for carpeting the aisles, and ornamenting the pulpits. As it was with their churches, so with their dwellings, the education of their children, their very clothing. When Emma beheld with admiring eyes, the lovely landscape below her, so well calculated to fill the mind with sweet peaceful feelings, and lead the thoughts to the Giver of all good, the Creator of all beauty, she had little idea of the unaniable feelings which had had so great an influence in beautifying the lovely village which made the most prominent feature in the scene. All was fair on the outside, and she knew nothing of the spirit of gossiping and often of wilful detraction, which had so great sway with its inhabitants. Her admiration was soon swallowed up by the thoughts of the approaching interview with the Oldens, and as the coach whirled rapidly through the streets, it required all her self-command to maintain outward composure. Her heart beat so fast as to check her breath, and she was barely conscious of surrounding objects. At last the stop, the opening of the door, the driver's request she would hand him her basket, roused her, and bidding adieu to her fellow-passengers, she was soon on the pavement, her trunk beside her, and the stage was gone. It required some

courage to mount the steps of the large house on which she saw the name of Olden, and ring the bell; but it was at last done, and the summons answered by so showily dressed a young woman, that Emma at first thought it must be one of the family, but the girl, having first examined the trunks answered the question as to Mrs. Olden's being at home, with,

"I suppose you are the young woman that's going to be governess; Miss Olden is in the parlor, you can go in and see her," and showing her the door, she left her to open it and announce herself.

Mrs. Olden was sitting alone in a gaudily and somewhat richly furnished room. Her dress consisted of a common calico, with an apron covered with gay embroidery, and a cap, whose ribbons and flowers outshone the rainbow. Her appearance corresponded with her dress and furniture; and Emma shrank from the mingled curiosity and ill-nature of the vulgar stare she encountered; for to tell the truth Mrs. Olden was far from pleased with the remarkable beauty of her new inmate, having two grown daughters, beside the three who were to be Emma's pupils; and one son, toward whom her thoughts glanced somewhat uneasily, as the stranger moved gracefully across the room to the chair she was tardily requested to take. After a few common place remarks, Mrs. Olden went into the hall, and standing at the foot of the stairs, in a shrill voice summoned her grown daughters by the names of Sary Rosalindy and Letheresy Ann, so she pronounced them. The younger ones, she informed Emma, were absent for the day. As she returned to her seat, her eye caught the figure of a tall man examining Miss Benson's baggage, and she looked very much vexed when she saw him ascend the steps, he being no other than Mr. Busby, who, having nothing to do and little to think of, being, moreover, a bachelor, and very good natured, devoted himself to the acquisition and retailing of news, whether private or public, and Mrs. Olden knew that within an hour after he had seen Emma, the whole village would be ringing with exaggerated accounts of her beauty and accomplishments, and stylish travelling appointments. Anxious as she felt to keep her in the back ground, nothing could be more mal-a-propos than that Mr. Busby should see and announce her.

"I could keep the girl in the school-room any other day!" thought she, "and I will send her off as it is; here Letheresy, as that young lady entered the room, this is Miss Benson, take her up stairs and show her her room. Jotham can take her trunk up, and she can get her clothes ready to begin school to-morrow." The woman was not allowed to open the front door while a glimpse of Emma's dress could be seen on the stairway; and Mrs. Olden remained below exulting in the success of her stratagem; while the

poor girl, whose feelings she had insulted, was shown into a double-bedded room, which she was informed she was to occupy in company with her three pupils. This last announcement was almost too much for Emma,—that even in her chamber she was not to be alone, that every moment was to be subject to the scrutiny of strangers, was a severe trial, and for a moment she thought of remonstrating, but a little reflection convinced her that her feelings would not be understood, and as she feared she might receive many intentional insults, which she would be obliged to notice, she determined to bear all else in silence. Beside this constant companionship would probably increase her influence over her young pupils. Letheresa told Emma she would help her unpack, and Sarah Rosalinda soon joined her. In vain Emma assured them she needed no assistance, and that she would prefer deferring the task till to-morrow, their curiosity was too strong to allow them to take any civil refusal; to-morrow she would have to begin school, and would not have a moment's time; they took tea at five o'clock, and it was now three; Emma could not unpack without aid.

Finding it impossible to free herself from their importunity, she was obliged to accept their offer, and soon saw her garments unfolded and criticised, her boxes of trifles turned out, and the titles of her books examined. A splendid diamond ring, the last present of her father, which she wore on that account, was taken off, and she was questioned as to whether the stones were all diamonds, and how she could afford to wear it. At length her card-case came under their scrutiny, and Emma, who was arranging some articles in her drawer, was induced to turn round by smothered giggling and exclamations of " Oh, dear! well I declare! suppose he will come before long." Her first feeling was mortification, and for a moment her cheek glowed as a card, with the name of Charles Delancey, was held up to her, having been picked out from her own. But the color soon faded, and her voice was quite calm, as she took the card-case and card from the laughing girls, and quietly putting them away, assured them Mr. Delancey was neither beau nor relative, merely an acquaintance, whose card reminded her of former days, and she chose to keep it. Even the Misses Olden's were silenced for the time, and their renewed attacks in after days meeting no better success, were at length dropped.

Charles Delancey was, in fact, a very slight acquaintance of Emma, but she knew enough of him to prefer him to any of her professed adorers, and perhaps 'her interest in him was increased by the almost unacknowledged consciousness that his cold politeness and unfrequent calls were indicative of any thing but indifference on his part. She had been for a long time surprised | and half offended, at the marked avoidance of one whom she was so well disposed to like, but a partially overheard

conversation at a party upon mercenary marriages, in which young Delancey expressed himself with great warmth, and his evident embarrassment when she, having approached unperceived, was called upon for her opinion, betrayed the cause. She felt her cheek reflect the color of his, but making a gay reply she passed on. A slight shade of embarrassment was added to the previous restraint of their conversation, and Delancey soon ceased calling at the house or visiting where he would meet Emma; and she only occasionally heard of him as entirely absorbed in his profession, until on recovering from her illness, after her father's death, she found Delancey was frequent in his inquiries after her: but as she admitted no visitors she never saw him. Just before she left the house she took the cards from the basket to destroy them, and placed one of Delancey's among her own, as a memento of one who would have been a disinterested friend, saying with a faint smile, "I am now poorer than he is, for I am obliged to work for my daily bread, while he is rapidly rising in a noble profession, which will not only make him independent, but distinguished. We will probably never meet again."

Emma's pupils, Celinda, Octavia and Delia, were in due time introduced to her, and the routine of daily instruction entered upon. She found them ignorant and spoiled, though like their elder sisters, good natured, and many were her trials and disappointments in her conscientious endeavors to improve mind, manners and disposition; but in the course of a few months she had the satisfaction to perceive her efforts were beginning to produce the desired effect. Even Mrs. Olden treated her better than her first reception promised, for finding Emma not only willing but desirous of keeping in the back ground, neither going to parties nor making visits, thus not interfering with the young ladies, while her son having made a run-e-way match, all fears on his account were removed, she began to feel more kindly toward the gentle girl, who was so devoted to her pupils, and so willing to give extra lessons to the grown girls. Mr. Olden has not been mentioned, for though a thriving man of business, and of some consequence abroad from his wealth, at home he was a cipher. He shook hands with Emma when he first saw her, acknowledged her morning and evening salutations, and occasionally wondered she did not accompany them to a party, and that was all Emma knew of the nominal head of the house. Her monotonous course of life was only broken by an occasional letter from Mrs. Wiley; and Emma's heart sometimes throbbed almost to bursting, from the utter destitution of companionship: but she felt self-dependence was an important part of the lesson that was set her, favored child of fortune that she had been, and she tried to be not merely submissive but cheerful.

She had no acquaintance that went beyond a passing salutation; for so well had her

conduct fallen in with Mrs Olden's policy, that few had called upon her, and a mere interchange of visits had taken place with them. Many of the young men had made attempts to be introduced to the beautiful stranger, and some had succeeded, but she was never to be seen in the Olden's parlor, seldom in the street, so that finally they began to regard her as something to be wondered at but not approached. Thus time rolled on till autumn deepened into winter, winter softened into spring, and the richness of summer mellowed into early fall. Emma had been more than a year with the Olden's, and had become nearly reconciled to her mode of life, when a little accident occurred, which, trifling as it would have appeared at another time, seemed now of consequence from its novelty.

The ladies of the place had for some time been talking of a picnic in a neighboring wood, and the lovely weather of September determined them to put their project into execution. Emma heard the party discussed as a thing in which she had no concern, and, as usual, aided the young ladies in planning their dresses; but her consternation was great when the day before the party Letheresa insisted on her going, that she might sing a certain duet with her. Mrs. Olden was unwilling, and thought some other song would answer; but the young lady was obstinate, and as Emma had proved herself so harmless mama withdrew her objections. Emma's feelings were of course not regarded. Her appearance created much surprise, and a number of her would-be admirers made the agreeable assiduously. Emma having gone, thought it ridiculous to appear otherwise than cheerful, and allowed the balmy air and lovely scenery to have their full influence on her feelings, and though she declined dancing, Mrs. Olden had the mortification to see she was decidedly the belle of the party, and feared the year's work was undone by that single afternoon. Her manner became exceedingly harsh, and even insulting; Emma began to suspect the cause, and unwilling to cause displeasure or subject herself to mortification, told one of the young ladies she would wait for them to take her up at a farm-house in the vicinity, as she did not feel inclined to remain longer.

As the duet had been sung, her absence was a matter of indifference, and separating herself from the group, she strolled through a little screen of wood, and reaching the farm-house, requested permission to sit in a little garden bower till she was called for. She soon recovered the serenity of her feelings, somewhat ruffled by Mrs. Olden's speeches, but found her thoughts would not be forced from a mournful, though not repining contemplation of the past. Thus an hour or two passed by, and as the sun touched the horizon, the carriages of the returning villagers began to roll past. At length that of the Olden's came in sight, and Emma went to the road-side that she might

cause no delay. As it drew near she perceived her corner of the front seat occupied by a gentleman, who, with his back toward her, was talking to Rosalinda. Mrs. Olden called out

" Miss Benson you must walk home, I have no room for you. Drive on."

Emma felt nervous and excitable from the long, sad musing she had been indulging, and while her cheek flushed, a tear trembled in her eye. The fear that the vulgar minded woman should observe her agitation, absorbed all other feelings, and bending her head to arrange her shawl, she made no reply. But the gentleman in the carriage, on hearing the speech, sprang forward, saying, " Is it possible I am depriving a lady of her seat excuse me Mrs. Olden, I cannot think of availing myself of your politeness," bade the man stop, and springing out was by Emma's side in a moment. How can we describe her astonishment when she beheld Charles Delancey. His agitation equalled hers when he saw one, he thought lost to him for ever, once more before him. Mrs. Olden finding that Emma was an acquaintance of the elegant stranger, now urged her to get in as they could make room for both, but Delancey protested he could not think of so greatly inconveniencing them, and as the evening was so lovely, if Miss Benson would permit him to escort her home, he would take the opportunity to give her the latest news of her friends, and avail himself of Mrs. Olden's polite invitation to spend the evening with them. Mrs. Olden bit her lip, but could make no objection; and Emma having seen that several of the party had been tempted to walk, as the distance was not much over a mile, made none either, and Charles Delancey drew her arm within his with feelings not the less happy that he had heard Letheresa's maliciously loud whisper, " so this is the Charles Delancey whose card you keep." He stole a glance at Emma, but her deeply dyed cheeks made him instantly avert his eyes, and endeavor to appear unconscious of the whisper.

We will not describe that lingering walk, nor the modes adopted by Delancey to secure interviews with Emma, whose position in the family he soon comprehended, but we will claim our privilege as biographers, and give an extract from a confidential letter written to his sister, a lovely woman residing on the Hudson River.

"And now, dear Julia, that I have given you a history of my adventure up to my arrival at this beautiful, but ridiculously named village, I am about to communicate an event in which, while it may surprise you as much as it did me, you cannot, notwithstanding all the vividness of your sisterly sympathy, fully enter into my delight. When on my arrival, I went to see the gentleman to whom I had been directed for information on my

business, I found he had gone to a pic-nic, a mile or two out of town, and was easily persuaded by one of the young men in the office to accompany him to the scene of gaiety, and there, Julia, can you guess who I met? Perhaps my expressions of delight may aid your imagination. It was indeed my long lost Emma Benson! my ! I dare not say that yet, though I am not without hope. The surprise of seeing one connected with former times might fully account for her emotion at meeting me, but still I have hope. Beside I heard one of the vulgar girls of the family taunt her with having my card. Why should she have brought that here? But I must not, dare not let my wishes thus influence my hopes. I believe I have not yet told you what she is doing in a place where she has no friends. Would you believe it, this highly educated girl is teaching A. B. C. to a set of untrained colts. You need not take me quite literally either as to the colts or the A. B. C. but the fact is I have no patience, when I see one who might grace a palace, taxed from morning till night to communicate her graces and accomplishments to a set who spring from too vulgar a stock to be otherwise themselves. Now for a plan on which I have set my heart. I heard you say sometime since, you would, if you could meet a suitable person, transfer your little girls from your own to the care of a governess.

Dear Julia, where could you find one more amiable, better educated than Emma? If you saw the manner in which she supports the trying reverses she has met with; the sweet dignity with which she bears the insolence of Mrs. Olden, who treats her as a servant; her devotion to the children under her care, you would not hesitate, especially if you felt persuaded as I do, that the purest religious principle guides every thought and action. Do answer me immediately, I shall wait here till you do. I dare not play lover till I hear from you, for fear her shrinking delicacy might cause her to regard that as an objection to go to you, though I think we could be far enough apart to satisfy the most fastidious. If you wish her to come to you, direct a letter to her to my care, and I will use all my eloquence for you, if you do not I shall use it for myself, but I fear it will be too precipitate. I give you fair warning, if you get the treasure I shall do my best to win it from you cautiously, but not the less determinately. Write soon, I entreat."

In due time a letter came, full of affectionate sympathy, and one for Emma, in which such delicate consideration was evinced for her feelings and change of fortune, that the tears streamed down her checks while reading it,

"You will go, Emma, Miss Benson," stammered Delancey, hardly able to command himself.

" I cannot say no," was her reply, " I shall write a most grateful acceptance."

Delancey dared not trust himself to remain longer, but hurried away, leaving her to write her answer, and announce her intention to the Oldens. Great was Mrs. Olden's indignation at finding she must give up one through whom she was so cheaply educating her daughters, and at first she refused to allow Emma to go under another year, pretending she was engaged to her. This Emma denied, as no term had ever been specified, but somewhat pacified the incensed lady by promising to remain till the quarter was completed, and make no charge for it. She concealed Mrs. Western's relationship to Delancey from the Oldens, and thus escaped their taunts, but her situation was rendered doubly trying, and she looked forward to the period of her release with pleasure; she would not allow Delancey to wait for her, or return to be her escort as he implored. If Mr. Olden could not procure for her the protection of some country merchant on his way to purchase a fall supply of goods in the city, she would go alone. Delancey found her inflexible, and submitted with rather an ill grace, consoling himself with the determination to be at his sisters on her arrival.

And there before the winter's snow had fallen they did meet, and Mrs. Western soon had the pleasure to see her brother's hopes were well founded. Before another year had passed, Emma Delancey returned to her native city, and not altogether a portionless bride, for a large debt due to her father having been unexpectedly recovered, some thousands remained over the creditor's claims, and Emma had the pleasure of seeing her dear harp and piano in rooms where they did not seem misplaced, though far below their former retiring place in point of splendor. Good Mrs. Wiley was one of their first and most frequent visitors; and when a little Charles made his appearance she was easily persuaded to remain altogether with them; and thus surrounded by admiring friends, a lovely child, and attached husband, we will leave Emma fully persuaded that afflictions are sent in mercy, and that often what we consider the greatest trial we could be called upon to endure, is made the means of bringing us earthly as well as heavenly happiness.

A. M. D.



THE FISHERMAN AND HIS WIFE.

The pretty village of Roscoff is situated on the brink of the ocean, and about a league

from St. Paul-de-Leon. It is known far and near for its well-sheltered port, even though the approach to it be dangerous; for the canal formed by the Isle of Batz is strewn with reefs, upon which the ships caught by the tempest are sometimes dashed, before they can reach the safety harbor. When a storm excites the waves in this narrow passage, the scene presented by this canal is a most awful one; for the sea then beats upon the black rocks, and covers them with foam, as if it were impatient to cast down the obstacles that they oppose to its fury. The waves dash up the sand from the very bottom, and cast it in heaps upon the island, where once stood a Roman chapel, that is now covered up by the accumulations consequent upon these disasters. The winds too combine their fearful clamor with the roaring of the sea; and it is said, that in these awful commotions, by which nature itself is shaken, there are heard the constant and voluntary striking of the bells of the church, which, when heard, are regarded as the sure prognostic of a shipwreck.

The sun was setting in the sea. The old town of Roscoff, illuminated by its last beams, looked a glorious golden mansion of prayer, on which Heaven cast with pleasure its gleams. The lighthouse on the western part of the isle of Batz was just beginning to sparkle, and a light wind succeeded to the stifling heats of the day. The sea spread itself, in the perfect calmness of peace, over the strand, that was covered with the wives and children of the fishermen, and they contemplated with satisfaction the fruits of the day's painful labor; for the fishing had been abundant. The young people frolicked through their rustic dances; the children gave themselves up heart and soul to their noisy sports. Every body appeared happy; every person seemed content, with one exception. It was a young, girl-like woman, whose husband had not yet returned. It was three years since the charming Teresa had united her destiny to that of Josselin: and never, until now, had it happened that he was the last at sea. Brave and vigorous, he had always been the first to return with his boat well filled. What then could detain him, when his companions were already more than a full hour on shore?

The poor creature was alarmed, doubtlessly, without a cause. The sea had been calm, and the light agitation that the rising breeze communicated to it, was not at all sufficient to justify even the suspicion of danger. However, the clouds began to gather on the horizon; and their dark, dull, leaden color might, especially after the extreme heat, of which the first days of September sometimes gives us an example, as if they were the remembrancers of the summer that has fled—these might be the presage of a tempest. But then Josselin knew so well all the reefs and all the passes, and his little boat sailed with such lightness; it was so obedient to the rudder and the oar, and none could guide it better than he, even in the worst weather. Why then did Teresa tremble

so much?

Nevertheless the inquietude of the wife, by little and little, stole into the hearts of her companions. They began to ask why it was that Josselin was not yet returned. Their eyes were fixed with anxiety on the sea, to discover, if they could, in the distance, the small white sail, which was to be the signal of his return; but they could see nothing; and yet the sun was about to disappear altogether. The clouds gathered together in huge black masses, and the breeze was changed into fitful squalls of wind. Dull noises, the sure precursors of a storm began to be heard; the bases of the rocks, beaten with the agitated waves, began to be covered with a white foam.

"My God! my God!" said Teresa, " protect him!"

Teresa was a mother: her two children were sleeping in a cabin a short distance from the shore. She believed, one time, that she heard them weeping, and their cries sounded to her like the shrieks of despair. To dart toward them, and to convince herself that what she heard was nothing more than an illusion, produced by the agitation of her mind, was but the affair of a moment. She embraced them with a new effusion of maternal affection. She prayed for an instant over them, and then she returned to the strand to interrogate anew those who surrounded her, as to the fate of her husband.

During her short absence, the scene had changed. The alarm as to the fate of Josselin had become general; for his return then appeared to be impossible. The tempest had burst out furiously as one that rages during the equinox. The thunder growled without ceasing. The winds blew with violence, and the premature darkness of night had swallowed up the little light of an autumnal evening, while an old shepherd, shaking his head, declared that he had heard the great bell in the church of Our Lady give forth a light tinkling ! And yet the church was quite solitary and deserted, and the cord of the belfry was loose and floating. One single hope remained. It was that Josselin had had the courage, the good fortune, to escape among the reefs, for it was not impossible for him to land on the isle of Batz. The coast of that island was not so distant from that of Roscoff, as to make it impossible to see signals from it, even in the half obscurity that prevailed—but nothing appeared upon that solitary coast.

All of a sudden, persons thought they could discern by the glare of the lightning, a frail bark struggling with the tempest, which still kept increasing in violence. " It is he!" cried out all voices, and in the accents of unconquerable fear. " It is he," also cried Teresa, " and there is no hope of aid for him."

" We shall try, Teresa," said two stout and vigorous fishermen—" we shall try, and may God assist us!"

But Teresa heard no more; for she fell deprived of all sense, upon the strand. Two women hastened up to her, and conveyed her into the cabin. She could not see the signals of distress that were made by Josselin; nor the efforts of the generous men, who devoted themselves to save him, nor the marks of interest that were exhibited by all who clung to the shore that night; for all loved Josselin and Teresa.

A sad day succeeded to that frightful night. Toward the dawn, Teresa recovered her senses. She cast her eyes in unsteady glances around her, fits if she wished to collect together her imperfect thoughts. At last memory returned fully and distinctly to her, and she spoke not a single word nor uttered a single cry, nor did even a solitary tear escape from her. Her children were near to her, and still sleeping. She kissed each of them, and her kiss seemed marked with a singular impression, and then—going out from the cabin, and making a mysterious sign to the fishermen who watched over her; she directed her steps in a straight line (as if she had been conducted by some mysterious power, or by an irresistible inspiration) toward a black point, which could scarcely be remarked upon the strand, and which was touched by the last line of foam, that the sea had left when ebbing. That point was a dead body; and the dead body was that of Josselin, that the sea had carried during night toward the shore. As to the two fishermen who had devoted their lives to preserve his, they were seen no more.

Teresa fell on her knees beside the body of her husband, and at first, it was thought she was praying.

The next morning a grave was dug at the western end of the church-yard, and in that grave were deposited, side by side, the remains of Josselin and Teresa. All the village attended their funeral. That day saw not on its waves a fisherman of Roscoff, and the sea-weed remained ungathered.

H. K.

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Happiness in Marriage. —" There is but one divine cement, Love. No substitute can atone for its absence; no talisman can produce consequences that belong only to this

holy principle. Many joys are inherent in true marriage. It has sympathies, the most intimate of which mortals are capable; and it calls forth affections, such as pertain to no other voluntary relation of life. But these sentiments are the fruits of love alone. Disgust and aversion cannot produce them, nor are they the growth of indifference."

